

The Historie of

Harry to Harry, shall not horse to horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarset
Oh, that Glendower were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learnd in Worcester, as I rode a long,
He can drawe his power this fourteene daies.

Doug. That's the worst tidings, that I heare of it.

Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frostie sound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Fortie let it be,

My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of vs may serue so great a day.
Come let vs take a muster speedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merily.

Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of
sacke, our souldiours shall march through. Wee'le to Sutton cop-
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money, Captaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an angell.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twen-
ty, take them all, Ile answere the coynage, bid my Liutenant
Peto meete me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine, farewell. *Exit.*

Fal. If I be ashamed of my souldiers, I am a sowst gurnet, I
haue misused the Kings presse damnably. I haue got in ex-
change of 150. souldiers, 300. and odd pounds. I presse me
none, but good householders, Yeomens sonnies, inquire me out
contracted batchelers, such as had beene askt twice on the
banes, such a commodity of warme slaues, as had as lieue heare
the Diuell as a drumme, such as feare the report of a Calliuer,
worse then a strooke foule, or a hurt wild-ducke: I prest me none,
but such tosts and butter, with heartes in their bellies no bigger
then pins heads, and they haue bought out their seruices, and

Henry the fourth.

now my whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieu-
tenants, gentlemen of companies, slaues as ragged as Lazarus in
the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his sores: and
such as indeede were neuer souldiers, but discarded, vniust ser-
uingmen, yonger sonnes to yonger brothers, reuolted tapsters,
and Ollers tradefalne, the cankers of a calme world, and a long
peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged, then an old fazde
ancient, and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue
bought out their seruices, that you would thinke, that I had a hun-
dred and fiftie tottered prodigals, lately come from swine-kee-
ping, from eating draffe and huskes. A madde fellow mette mee
on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the gibbets and prest
the dead bodies. No eie hath seene such skar-crowes. Ile not
march through Couentry with them, that's flatte: nay, and the
villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyues on,
for indeede, I had the most of them out of prison, there's not a
shirte and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe shirte is two
napkins tack't together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a
Heralds coate without sleeues, and the shirte, to say the trueth,
stolne from my host at S. Albones, or the red nose Inkeeper of
Dauinty, but that's all one, thei'le finde linnen enough on eue-
ry hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prin. How now, blowne Iacke? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? how now, mad wag? what a diuel dost thou
in Warwickshire? My good L. of Westmerland, I cry you mer-
cie, I thought your honour had already bene at Shrewesburie.

West. Faith, sir Iohn, it is more then time that I were there, and
you too, but my powers are there already: the king I can tell you,
lookes for vs all, we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-
ready made thee butter: but tell me, Iacke, whose fellowes are
these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prin. I did neuer see such pitifull rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to tosse, foode for powder, foot